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The laurel and dogwood buds were swelling, warm winds hastening north across the Potomac, but the week end of March 20 was a chilly occasion for Harold Macmillan. A fire leaped of evenings in the red-oak-panelled commons at Camp David, but the Prime Minister could take little warmth from it although he had gained the President's anticipated assent to watered-down conditions for the Summit meeting he so dearly desired. There was a distinct chill over the Catoctins, a chill noticeable from the moment the Great Mediator touched down at National Airport; and for reasons we shall soon examine.

A comparison of news photographs exhibiting Macmillan in Moscow and Macmillan in the Catoctins suggests that, whereas the Guardsman from Downing Street was extracting a rueful pleasure from the alternate buffeting and embrace of the Bolshevik Bear, he was having no fun at all in the company of his opposite number in the Anglo-Saxon "cousinhood" of Theodore Mommson and Joe Chamberlain. From the glum and distant stare of the Prime Minister as caught by the lenses at Camp David one could almost imagine him as an Etonian, facing a house master armed with a birch and righteous indignation over an outrageous piece of mischief. Such was very nearly the case.

The nature of Macmillan's offense was misread by Fleet Street and the American punditry alike. To the semi-official *Times* of London and Beaverbrook's "penny dreadfuls," calling the Prime Minister as "miracle Mac" for the feat of escaping from Moscow with his aplomb intact, the nudging of Macmillan, his being hustled to the Catoctin wilderness away from the press corps and microphones of Washington, was an act of spite based on injured vanity. According to this deduction, Mr. Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles were annoyed at the all but ghoulish insistence of a Fleet Street newly worshipful of the Prime Minister as the "savior of the peace" that a "waning" President, deprived of Dulles' stout shoulder, should give way to Macmillan as the first statesman of the Atlantic world.

Whatever the President may have thought of Fleet Street's superannuating proposals, the cause for the reserve with which he treated his old friend from North Africa and London went deeper.

For what Macmillan had done, in Moscow, in Paris, Bonn and his own capital, and what he might have been suspected of attempting here, was to violate the image of Nikita S. Khrushchev's true intentions formed by the President and upon which he is determined to act. The contrast between the Eisenhower and Macmillan estimates of what the Atlantic powers face in the symbolical Berlin crisis is diametrically dramatic. Put briefly, it goes like this: Macmillan, it is charitable to assume, derived the impression in Moscow that Khrushchev was eager to let slip the dogs of war. He has, therefore, advocated submission to Khrush-

chev's will in varying ways
military forces in Germany and

—as the minimum price of peace. To the exact contrary,

the President firmly believes that Khrushchev is bluffing, unprepared to fight a war and, in the present state of his imperial affairs, unable safely to proceed to the brink.

This optimistic analysis, shared by the National Security Council, Mr. Dulles and the predominant opinion at the Pentagon and in Foggy Bottom, calls for the reverse of Macmillan's urgent desire to placate. It lies behind the President's relaxed public demeanor, his unwillingness to heed the alarms sounded in the Senate by the Mansfields, Dodds and Fulbrights (the latter suspected of preferring to take his cues from Downing Street rather than 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue). The President's calm appraisal was reflected, moreover, in his stirring speech of March 16, wherein he matched Khrushchev's intransigence with a cold threat of nuclear warfare if provoked.

Underlying the President's assurance is the fixed conviction that Khrushchev expects the Atlantic powers to "chicken out" if he applies sufficient heat. That the President, one hears, is resolved not to do. The Macmillan doctrine and tactics, expressing Western weakness, were therefore the occasion of serious divergences over fundamentals at the Camp David conference and the minimum courtesies extended the Prime Minister on his "working" mission to Washington.

Upon what grounds does the President base his tranquility? I gather that he accepts at full value perhaps the most comprehensive intelligence estimate ever put before him and the Security Council. That estimate includes detailed information as to the Red Army's state of readiness. It explores the psychology of the Central Committee, with attention to certain rivals besetting Khrushchev and their hostility to a grand venture. It probes the reliability of the satellites, the Seven Year Plan's demands for a protracted peace and the lively apprehensions of Soviet military strategists over this country's punitive powers.

We may gain an insight into the intelligence formulations guiding the President from a purposely revealing but barely noticed speech of Robert Amory Jr., the Central Intelligence Agency's deputy for intelligence, delivered at the University of South Carolina at Columbia on March 4. It was in that speech, intentionally breaching the CIA's reticence on specifics, that the phrase "chicken out," which caught the President's notice, occurs.

On that same date the President made oblique reference to the source of his go-slow policy at a press conference. Decrying fears of a surprise "bombing attack on Washington," he pointed out the reason for maintaining our "very great and expensive intelligence forces." It was, he said, "to keep us informed."

Obviously, when the President settled down at Camp David with a Macmillan crying havoc he preferred his own information.

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